

ME  
ENTERTAINMENT

anc

CHARLES STARRETT as

The

# DURANGO KID

NO.30

10c



FRED GUARDINER

# GAIN MORE WEIGHT IN 10 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!



## SKINNY

MEN ARE OFTEN ASHAMED TO STRIP FOR SPORTS OR FOR A SWIM!

GIRLS ARE NOT ALLURING AND DON'T HAVE EYE-CATCHING CURVES!

CHILDREN WHO WON'T EAT AND ARE UNDERWEIGHT, OFTEN CALLED SKINNY!

Now at last More-Wate plan that puts firm, attractive pounds and inches on your body, chest, arms and legs.



Amazing New Way developed by modern medical science to give you up to an extra pound a day! Or your money back! Why should you dread going to parties and socials, simply because you look scrawny and spindly? Why ever feel self-conscious about your body again? If you're underweight... or just a little on the thin side, due to faulty appetite, or bad dietary habits, can you put on up to a pound a day of attractive weight without exercise... dangerous drugs... or special diet... and more quickly, more easily than you ever dreamed possible... with MORE-WATE. MORE-WATE contains no dangerous drugs... you eat it like candy! Yet... if you were to have this same prescription compounded to your order, it would cost you many times more. However, through this introductory offer, you can obtain 4-way MORE-WATE tablets... a full 10 days' supply... for just \$1.00 or a 30 day supply for only \$2.98, plus a 10 day supply free, with an absolute money-back guarantee! Yes, try MORE-WATE for TEN DAYS... and if not entirely delighted with weight gained, return the unused supply for full refund! You've nothing to lose... and weight to gain! Act now! Stop being the guy or the gal that everyone calls "skinny." Stop being the guy or the gal who dreads

summer and going to parties and socials because it means everyone will enjoy themselves and you won't. Don't be a wallflower, because you have a figure like a broomstick! Gain more weight!

10-DAY SUPPLY \$1.  
ONLY

The 4-way MORE-WATE tablets are unconditionally guaranteed to put on weight... or it doesn't cost you a penny! MORE-WATE is a delicious, full strength, 4-way tablet... that combines not just one... or two... but 4 of the most amazing aids for gaining weight known to medical science. MORE-WATE is not a liquid... not a powder. It's delicious, pleasant-tasting tablet! It contains vitamin B-12... the amazing red vitamin doctors give many underweight patients in hospitals... It contains Iron that helps correct iron deficiency, anemia and builds rich, red blood. It contains appetite-building vitamin B-1... and it contains nutritious easily assimilated malt, the amazing ingredient that helps your body turn much of the food you eat into well rounded flesh instead of being wasted. That's the secret of putting on weight. Now you can help your food to add new pounds to your arms, chest, hips, thighs, and legs. Now you don't have to be skinny... or afraid to be seen socially and be ashamed of your figure! You must achieve the figure you want... or don't pay anything. Act now!

We don't want  
**SKINNY**  
on our team!



Not one child yet has failed to go for and ask for more MORE-WATE tablets! Stop worrying about children not eating enough, give them MORE-WATE tablets—it stimulates their appetite... they eat it like candy!

## SENSATIONAL 10-DAY TEST!

Mail the coupon now! Test the amazing MOREWATE tablet plan for 10 days at our expense. If after 10 days your friends, your mirror and your scale do not tell you that you have gained weight and look better you pay nothing!

**MAIL THIS NO RISK TRIAL COUPON NOW!**

MORE-WATE CO., Dept. 250  
318 Market Street, Newark, N. J.

Just mail us your name and address, and \$1.00 cash, check or money order. You will receive a 10 day supply of MORE-WATE tablets and plan, postage prepaid.

Send me 30 day supply plus an extra 10 day supply (that's a 40 day supply) for \$2.98. I understand that if I am not delighted with MORE-WATE tablets and plan, I can return the 30 day supply in 10 days for full purchase price refund, and keep the 10 day supply without charge.

NAME..... ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

**SENT ON APPROVAL—MAKE AMAZING 10-DAY TEST**

# The DURANGO KID

THEY WERE OUT TO RUN HIM INTO THE GROUND—TO PAY BACK FOR HIS PESKY MEDDLING BY TRAMPLING HIM TO DEATH WITH THE SHARP HOOVES OF THEIR WHIP-MADDENED MOUNTS! IN THE BRIEF MOMENT LEFT HIM, **THE DURANGO KID** WONDERED BITTERLY IF HE HAD BEEN RIGHT TO TRY TO COME BETWEEN "THE FEUDING FALLONS!"



—FRED GUARDINEER



SO FOR AT LEAST THE THOUSANDTH TIME—  
SNORTING AND GRUNTING,  
THE FALLOON COUSINS  
LOCK HORNS!  
ONLY THIS TIME  
THEIR BATTLEGROUND  
IS AT A CLIFF'S EDGE!





"...THAT YOU WERE PROSPECTING PARTNERS WHEN YOU  
WERE YOUNG — AND THE BIG BLOW-UP CAME AFTER  
YOU'D FOUND A BIG VEIN OF GOLD ON THE WAY TO  
STAKE THE CLAIM, YOU TOOK TIME OUT TO FIGHT  
ONE OF YOUR WEEKLY BATTLES..."

"THE MAP OF THE MINE HAD DROPPED TO THE  
GROUND! AND YOU WERE STILL FIGHTING WHEN  
A SNEAKY SIDEWINDER PICKED IT UP AND RAN  
OFF TO STAKE THE CLAIM FOR HIMSELF!"



SO YOU MISSED OUT ON BEING RICH, AND YOU'VE  
BEEN FEUDING EVER SINCE! YOU'RE NOT  
KILLERS, OR ONE OF YOU WOULD'VE BEEN  
DEAD LONG AGO — BY NOW IT'S JUST  
HABIT THAT KEEPS YOU FIGHTING...  
WELL, WHAT DO YOU SAY YOU SHAKE  
HANDS AND MAKE UP?

AT THAT MOMENT,  
BACK IN TOWN, IN  
JEREMIAH MASON'S  
LAW OFFICE...



WHEN MASON  
COMES TO—

THIS IS JIST A TASTE OF WHUT  
YUH GONETA GIT, MASON—IF  
YUH DON'T PAY UP THET  
GAMBLIN' DEBT!



I SWEAR  
BLACKSTONE—  
I'LL PAY  
EVERY CENT!  
I'LL—  
OWWW!

I'M SICK AN' TIRED OF BEIN'  
PAID WITH PROMISES/YUH'RE  
NOT GITTIN' OFF THET  
CHAIR TILL YUH TELL  
ME EXACKLY HOW YUH  
AIM TO LAY YORE HANDS  
ON SOME MONEY!

HEY, LOOK—  
DURANGO  
INTO TOWN  
WITH THOSE  
LOCO.FALLO  
Cousins!



YOU TURNED DOWN THE  
CHANCE I GAVE YOU TO  
SHAKE HANDS—SO I'M  
TURNING YOU OVER TO  
THE SHERIFF. A NIGHT  
IN THE LOCK-UP MIGHT  
COOL YOU BOTH OFF A BIT...

I'VE HEARD TELL THOSE  
ORNERY OLE GALOOTS  
HATE EACHOTHER SO  
MUCH,THET EACH OF 'EM'S  
SWORN NOT TO TOUCH A  
DROP OF HARD LIKKER TILL  
THE OTHER'S DEAD!



OF COURSE...THE FALLONS! WHY DIDN'T I  
WHUT  
THINK OF IT BEFORE ? I'LL USE THEM TO  
GET THE MONEY TO PAY YOU  
MEAN?



I REPRESENT AN  
INSURANCE COMPANY! I'LL  
TAKE POLICIES,OUT ON BOTH  
THE FALLONS! THEY'LL  
KILL EACHOTHER SOONER  
OR LATER—AND I'LL  
COLLECT!

COULD BE...BUT THUH FALLONS'VE BEEN  
PLAYIN' AT FEUDIN' FER YEARS NOW—AN'  
NOBODY'S DEAD YET! HMM—TELL  
YUH WHAT I'LL DO... I'LL GIT **THUH  
BOOKSELLER** TO COME TO THUH  
TERRITORY. HE'LL MAKE SURE  
THEY DIE REAL FAST!

HE'S ONLY THUH KILLINGEST  
GUN HAND IN THUH WHOLE  
WEST! JIST STARTIN' OUT—SO  
NOT MANY'S HEARD OF HIM  
YET...HE'S A RUNTY GALOOT—WEARS  
GLASSES, RIDES A BUCKBOARD, AN'  
MAKES OUT HE'S A BOOK-  
SELLER. WHEN HE COMES  
TO YUH WITH A BOOK IN  
HIS HAND, GUNPLAY'S THUH  
LAST THING YUH'D THINK OF—  
BUT THEN HE SHOOTS TO KILL  
FROM BEHIND THUH  
BOOK!



SO...TWO WEEKS LATER, AT TOM FALLOON'S CABIN-



YUH'RE WASTIN' YORE TIME, SON! THAT'S WHERE NEVER HAD ANY USE FER LEARNIN'- YOU'RE AN' I'M PROUD TO SAY I CAN'T MISTAKEN, READ A WORD!

MISTER! I'M—



ON HIS WAY TO TOM FALLOON'S CABIN, DURANGO HAS TO SWERVE FAST TO AVOID A HEAD-ON COLLISION WITH A BUCKBOARD COMING THE OTHER WAY...

LATER...

DEAD! BUT THE BODY'S STILL WARM... NOT THAT THE BOOK-  
SELLER COULD'VE KILLED  
HIM! THIS HAPPENED WHILE I WAS RIDING OUT  
HERE! HMMM—THOSE ARE FRESH BUCKBOARD  
TRACKS. MUST'VE BEEN MADE BY THAT RIG  
I PASSED ON THE WAY HERE...

TOM. I'VE NEVER SEEN A  
MORE HARMLESS LOOKING  
RUNT IN ALL MY LIFE. BUT  
MAYBE HE SAW SOMETHING  
WHILE HE WAS HERE. WON'T  
HURT TO RIDE AFTER HIM AND  
ASK...



BACK IN TOWN, BLACKSTONE'S MEN HAVE ALREADY BEGUN SPREADING WORD ABOUT THE MURDER—

WHUTRE WH-WHUT'S... HIC... THUH MATTER ?

GIT BACK,  
EVERY-  
BODY !

STRING FER?  
HIM UP!  
TOM'S BEEN KILLED... AN'  
YORE BEIN' DRUNK AFTER  
THET OATH YUH TOOK  
PROVES YUH KNEW ABOUT IT  
BEFORE ANYBODY ELSE!

THAR'S NOT GONETA BE  
NO HANGIN' TILL THUH  
CIRCUIT JUDGE  
GIVES THUH  
WORD!

THAT'S  
WHUT **YOU**  
THINK!

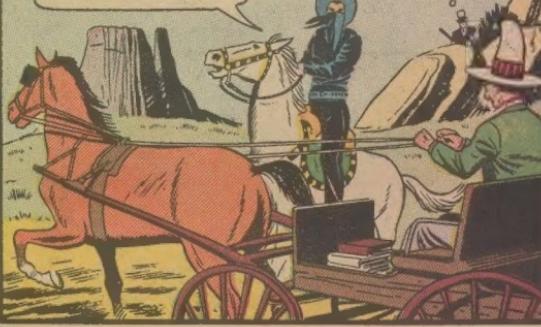
WE DON'T WANNA  
HURT YUH, SHERIFF—  
BUT WE AIM TO USE  
THIS ROPE BEFORE  
SUNDOWN !



ON A NEARBY SLOPE —  
WONDER WHAT'S TAKING THE  
BOOKSELLER SO LONG ? THIS IS  
WHERE WE ARRANGED TO MEET  
FOR HIS PAYOFF. HOPE NOTHING'S  
GONE... HEY ! THERE HE IS  
NOW — AND THAT'S THE  
DURANGO KID RIDING  
AFTER HIM !



HOLD IT, STRANGER. YOUR TRACKS  
TELL ME YOU STOPPED AT TOM  
FALLON'S PLACE A WHILE BACK. WAS  
TOM ALONE WHEN YOU SPOKE TO  
HIM... OR WAS THERE SOMEBODY  
ELSE AROUND ?



ME AND TOM  
FALLON WERE THE  
ONLY ONES  
THERE...

HE  
BOUGHT  
ONE OF MY  
BOOKS...



IT WAS ONE OF THESE.  
CARE TO SEE ONE FOR  
YOURSELF, MISTER ?



KNEW HE WAS UP TO SOMETHING  
WHEN HE TOLD ME TOM HAD BOUGHT  
A BOOK! OLD TOM ALWAYS PRIDED  
HIMSELF ON NEVER HAVING  
LEARNED TO READ...

BUT THE BOOKSELLER IS SQUEEZ-  
ING TRIGGER EVEN AS HE CRUMPLES  
DOWN---

ONE WILD SHOT NAILS MASON!



AS RAIDER TROTS OFF TO SEE  
WHAT CRASHED  
DOWN IN THE  
BUSHES...

I'LL CUT  
THE MOUNT  
LOOSE. HE'S HURT  
BAD...



IN THE VALLEY BELOW...

MASON'S DEAD!  
THET MEANS I

DON'T COLLECT THET MONEY AFTER ALL-  
JIST BECAUSE OF THET PESKY DURANGO!  
WAL, HE'S CROSSED MY TRAIL FER  
THUH LAST TIME! MOUNT UP, MEN!  
WE'RE GOIN' AFTER THUH  
DURANGO KID!



WHAT  
THE-?!

SHOOTIN'S TOO GOOD FER  
HIM, MEN! JUST SPUR YORE  
MOUNTS AN' KEEP RIDIN'!  
WE'LL TRAMPLE HIM  
CLEAR INTO THUH  
GROUND!



NO CHANCE  
TO GET RAIDER... AND  
NO TIME TO SHOOT  
DOWN ALL OF THEM  
BEFORE THEY'RE  
ON ME!



THIS BUCKBOARD!  
IT'S MY ONLY  
CHANCE!



YOU WERE  
ACHING TO GET  
CLOSE TO ME  
A MINUTE  
AGO! NOW...



LATER — GOOD THING  
YUH CLEARED  
THIS CASE UP SO FAST,  
DURANGO. I WAS  
HAVIN' A TOUGH  
TIME KEEPIN' MIKE  
FROM BEIN' STRUNG  
UP...

MIKE NEVER KNEW HE WAS  
DRINKING HARD LIQUOR. MASON  
SPIKED HIS COFFEE JUST SO  
FOLKS WOULD THINK HE WAS  
THE KILLER. THAT WAY, ONCE  
MIKE WAS TAKEN CARE OF BY  
THE MOB, MASON WOULD HAVE  
COLLECTED ON BOTH  
POLICIES!

WE WERE FOOLS  
FER FEUDIN'  
SO LONG, TOM.  
NOW THET  
YUH'RE GONE  
...SOB... I SEE  
IT PLAIN!



# The DURANGO KID

IT IS A SLACK HOUR IN JONE'S BARBER SHOP AND FOUR MEN HAVE GATHERED THERE FOR A FEW HANDS OF POKER. THE STAKES ARE HIGH, THE PLAYERS ARE GRIM AND—

## "DEATH IS THE DEALER!"



FRED GUARDINEER

HERE IT IS GENTS—A ROYAL FLUSH ! BLAZES ! THAT BREAKS ME ! I'M RUINED ! WHY DIDN'T I STOP THAT LAST HAND ? YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE OUR I-O-U'S, STEVENS.



WRITE 'EM OUT, GENTS. I'LL TAKE YOUR I-O-U'S FOR NOW—BUT I'M GIVING YOU ONLY FORTY-EIGHT HOURS TO MAKE 'EM GOOD ! I DON'T KNOW WHAR I'LL GIT THUH MONEY !



WE'RE FOOLS ! WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO PLAY POKER WITH THAT HOMBRE. HE'S A PROFESSIONAL GAMBLER ! I'LL BE RUINED ! ME, TOO ! WHAT WE GOIN' TUH DO ?



THE GAMBLER LOSES NO TIME GETTING TO HIS HOTEL ROOM...

THESE SMALL-TOWN SIDE-WINDERS SURE ARE SUCKERS, ALL RIGHT ! EASIEST HAUL I EVER MADE ! I'D BETTER KEEP THESE I-O-U'S SAFE UNDER THIS MATTRESS...





IT SURE IS A FINE EVENIN'-  
GOOD TO BE ALIVE! GOOD TO  
BE RICH, TOO - HEH-HEH-HEH!  
I SURE FEEL GOOD  
TONIGHT!



IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG BEFORE DURANGO IS ON THE JOB...

THUH KILLER WUZ LOOKIN' FER SOMETHIN', DURANGO. HE WENT THROUGH THESE POCKETS LIKE A TORNADO!

I WONDER IF HE FOUND WHAT HE WAS LOOKING FOR, SHERIFF? COME ON, LET'S GO!

GO? WHAR TO? TO STEVENS' HOTEL ROOM. MIGHT GET A FEW CLUES THERE ON WHAT THE KILLER WAS LOOKING FOR— AND WHY HE KILLED HIM!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

SHHHHH! SOMEBODY'S FOOLIN' ROUND WITH THUH LOCK!

LOOK WHAT I FOUND— IOU'S UNDER THE MATTRESS! SHERIFF—I THINK THIS IS IT!

CLICK CLICK



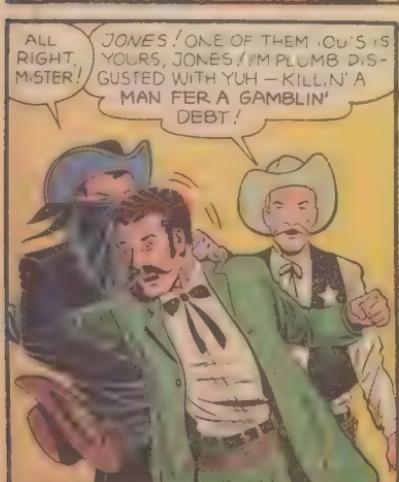
ALL RIGHT, MISTER!

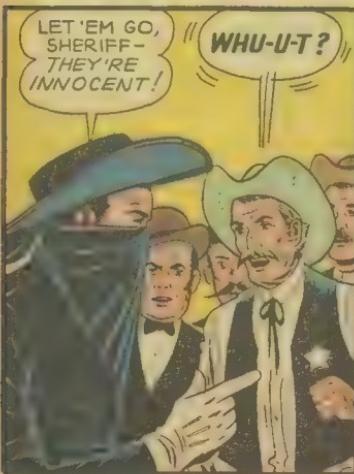
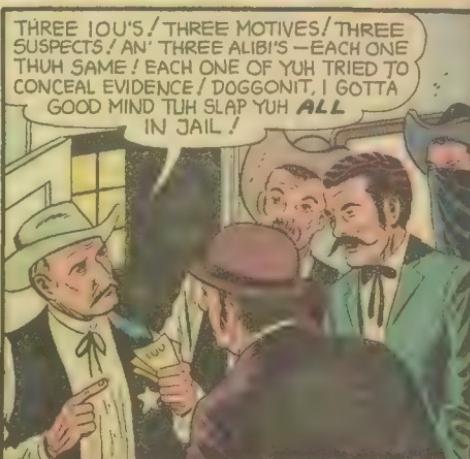
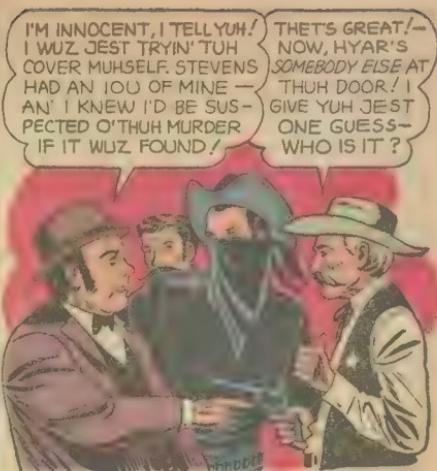
JONES! ONE OF THEM OU'S IS YOURS, JONES! I'M PLUMB DIS-GUSTED WITH YUH—KILLIN' A MAN FER A GAMBLIN' DEBT!

I DIDN'T DO IT, SHERIFF—I SWEAR I DIDN'T! I CAME HYAR AS SOON AS I FOUND OUT ABOUT THUH KILLIN': I KNEW THET IF THEY FOUND MUH IOU HYAR, THEY'D SUSPECT ME O' THUH MURDER!

THET'S SOME STORY, JONES—EF YUH KIN MAKE IT STICK!

HOLDIT! THERE'S SOMEBODY ELSE AT THE DOOR!

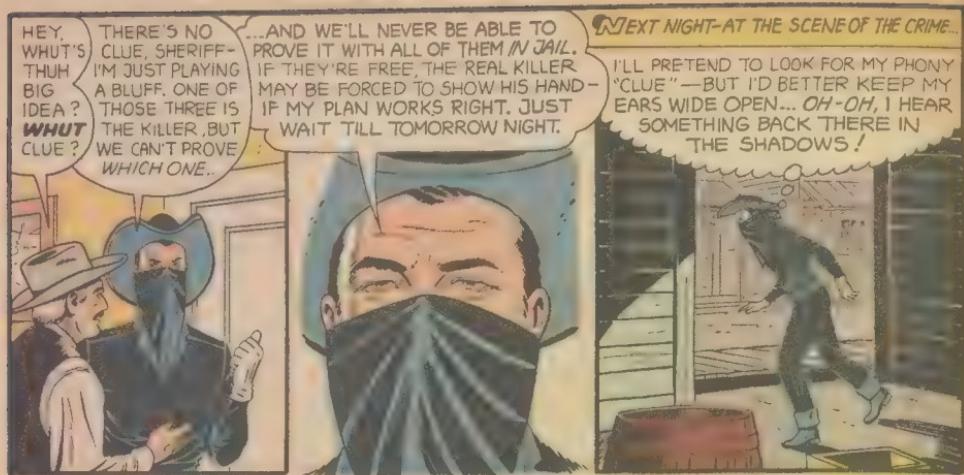




LET 'EM GO, SHERIFF.  
BUT I WANT YOU ALL TO  
MEET ME HERE AT THE  
SAME TIME TOMORROW  
NIGHT. IF YOU'RE INTER-  
ESTED IN REALLY CLEARING  
YOURSSELVES, YOU'LL BE  
HERE. IF ANYONE IS NOT  
HERE TOMORROW NIGHT,  
WE'LL KNOW HE DID IT—  
AND WE'LL FIND HIM!

TOMORROW NIGHT, I'LL TELL  
YOU WHO THE REAL  
KILLER IS! I'LL KNOW AFTER  
I LOOK AT THAT ONE MORE  
CLUE AT THE SCENE OF THE  
CRIME!!... ALL RIGHT, GENTS—  
TOMORROW NIGHT!





WHAT ROTTEN LUCK—HE GOT AWAY! WELL, I HAVE HIS GUN, ANYWAY—AND I'M PRETTY SURE HE'S GOT A BLACK EYE. HE WON'T GET ANOTHER GUN IN A HURRY—AND HE'LL FIND IT TOUGH TO HIDE THAT BLACK EYE...!

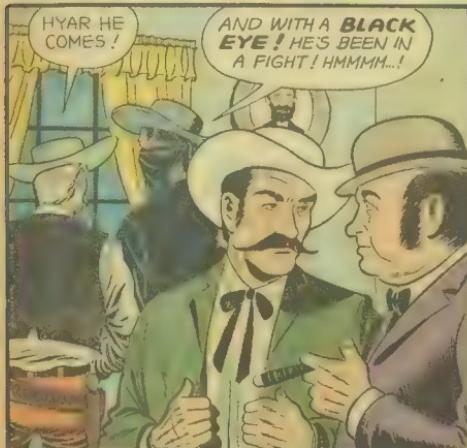
LATER, IN STEVENS' HOTEL ROOM...

HOWDY, DURANGO—  
EVERYTHING GO AS PLANNED?

YES, EXCEPT THAT THE KILLER GOT AWAY. BUT I HAVE HIS GUN AND HE HAS A BLACK EYE. WE SHOULD KNOW WHO IT IS IN JUST A LITTLE WHILE—WHEN THOSE THREE SUSPECTS SHOW UP...

WAL, HYAR'S JONES AN' SLADE, ALL RIGHT. BUT WHAR'S SMITH?

LET'S GIVE HIM A FEW MINUTES.



BUT JONES DOES! AND MY HUNCH IS THAT A CLOSER INSPECTION WOULD SHOW SOME OF SMITH'S BLOOD ON THAT RING!



TRY THIS STORY ON FOR SIZE, SHERIFF — JONES IS THE KILLER! HE TRIED TO STOP ME FROM FINDING A CLUE — AND THEN, WHEN I TOOK HIS GUN AND BLACKED HIS EYE, HE JUMPED ON SMITH TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE SMITH WAS THE ONE I TANGLED WITH —

RIGHT, JONES?



RIGHT! I KILLED STEVENS — BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET ME FOR IT! OUT OF MY WAY!



DON'T PULL A GUN UNLESS YOU KNOW HOW TO USE IT, JONES. YOU DO BETTER WITH A KNIFE!

YAAAAA!



AND HERE'S ONE TO STOP YOU — AND GIVE YOU ANOTHER BLACK EYE TO MATCH THE ONE I GAVE YOU EARLIER TONIGHT!

WHAT OTHER BLACK EYE?



WHO ELSE BUT A BARBER WOULD KNOW HOW TO COVER UP A BLACK EYE? TAKE THAT MAKE UP OFF AND — PRESTO!

WAL, I'LL BE DURNED! SMART, BUT NOT SMART ENOUGH FOR DURANGO!



THE END

# 1000 LIVE BABY TURTLES GIVEN AWAY

WITH THIS OFFER

Here's one of the most exciting toys you've ever owned. Just think — a baby turtle all your own. What's more, a real growing garden to keep him in, a garden you plant and grow all by yourself. You can teach him to recognize you when you feed him. Watch him swim — see how he pulls his head and feet into his shell when he's frightened. You can have turtle races — you can make a little house for him to live in — and all the time you can watch how the lovely, soft grass grows — see and smell the beautiful flowers. You'll amaze your friends with how much you know about animals and plants.



## FEATURES

### Everything You Need

You get all these items — you don't need anything else. Plenty of Magic grass seeds . . . Magic soil, lovely flower seeds . . . Practical attractive container . . . Bright-colored metal butterfly . . . American Flag . . . Parasol that opens and closes . . . Simulated rocks. Plant food. Many other exciting features.

### Magic Seeds in Magic Soil

A real growing Rock Garden — about 100 square inches of sweet grass and bright lovely flowers — for you to care for. When the flowers grow you can pluck a bouquet for your mother or friend. When the grass grows too high you will have to cut and trim it. And all the time you will have a beautiful garden you can be proud of and show off to your friends. You'll learn many useful things, too — it will even help you understand many things they teach at school.

EVERY BOY AND GIRL LOVES THESE CLEAN LITTLE PETS. DELIVERED HEALTHY AND SAFE IN A SPECIAL MOSS-PROTECTED PACKAGE.

**MAGIC  
ROCK GARDEN**  
Grows Real Grass  
& Flowers in 4 Days

only  
**\$1.69**

### HERE'S OUR OFFER

You pay only \$1.69 for the rock garden and turtle . . . AND . . . you must be 100% delighted or money back. Only 3 orders to a customer with this special offer. Hurry! Coupon!

**10-DAY TRIAL FREE!**

Honor House Products Corp. Dept. 369-G  
35 Wilbur St. Lynbrook, N.Y.

Rush my Rock Garden and live baby turtle at once. If I am not completely satisfied I may return the garden for prompt refund of the full purchase price, and I may keep the turtle ABSOLUTELY FREE. Price is \$1.69

Enclosed find \$\_\_\_\_\_ in full payment.

Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman, plus C.O.D. fee on delivery.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

# Dan Brand and Tipi

DURING THE REVOLUTION,  
AMERICAN "MINUTEMEN"  
WAGED DEADLY GUERRILLA  
WARS AGAINST THE  
BRITISH. IT WAS A SECRET  
WAR OF STEALTH, OF  
DANGER!...

DAN BRAND  
AND TIPI  
JOIN FORCES  
WITH THIS  
UNDERGROUND  
ARMY TO

"RING THE BELL  
FOR FREEDOM!"



AN ADVANCE GUARD OF THE  
BRITISH ARMY HAS PUSHED  
SECRETLY THROUGH THE FOREST TO REACH A  
LITTLE TOWN IN THE HILLS...

THERE'S THE TOWN, MAJOR!  
IT'S HEADQUARTERS FOR THE  
LOCAL MINUTEMEN! THEY  
LIVE IN THE HILLS AND  
COME INTO TOWN AT DEAD  
OF NIGHT FOR  
SUPPLIES!

THESE DEUCED  
LITTLE TOWNS  
HAVE BEEN HOLD-  
ING UP OUR  
PROGRESS. THEY  
MUST BE WIPEP  
OUT— WITH THE  
MINUTEMEN!

BUT THE BIG PROBLEM IS HOW TO GET  
INTO THAT TOWN WITHOUT ALERTING THE  
GUARDS. OUR FIRST JOB IS TO SILENCE  
THE BELL! AT THE LEAST SIGN OF  
DANGER, THEY RING THAT BELL AND ALERT  
THE MINUTEMEN!



THAT IS WHY WE BROUGHT YOU AND  
YOUR INDIANS ALONG ON THIS EXPEDITION,  
SI BANNIS! YOU KNOW WHERE  
THE OUTPOSTS ARE —  
GO TO WORK!

RIGHT!



THE TRAITOR, SI BANNIS,  
AND HIS CREW OF  
RENEGADE INDIANS,  
WORK EFFICIENTLY...

AWK!



...AND SILENTLY...MORE SENTRIES FALL...

NOW TO TAKE  
THE TOWN  
BY SUR-  
PRISE!



THE  
BRITISH!

THEY GOT PAST  
OUR OUTPOSTS!  
OH, WHAT SHALL  
WE DO?



THEY'LL KILL ME FOR THIS —  
BUT I'VE GOT TO GET TO  
OUR BELL AND RING  
IT! MOVE FEET!  
—DAGNAB IT,  
IF I WUZ  
ONLY  
TEN  
YEARS  
YOUNGER,  
I'D...!



THAT OLD  
CODGER!  
—HE'S HEADING  
FOR THE  
BELL!!

QUICK!  
SHOOT!



GOOD  
SHOOTING,  
MAJOR!

HAW-HAW! NOT BAD, IF  
I MUST SAY SO MYSELF!  
CUT THAT ROPE, BANNIS!

THAT BELL WILL  
NEVER RING AGAIN!





GOT IT! NOW...  
CAREFULLY...

THANK HEAVEN  
I WHETTED THAT  
KNIFE THIS  
MORNING!



HEY! WOT? BLIMEY!  
...OW'D THE BLIGHTERS  
GET FREE?

DON'T WASTE  
TIME HERE,  
TIP!— GRAB A  
RIFLE AND  
LET'S GO!



QUICK! TO THE BELL  
TOWER! WE'VE  
GOT TO WARN  
THE MINUTEMEN!

STOP  
THEM!  
STOP  
THEM!



BLIMEY!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, REDCOAT!

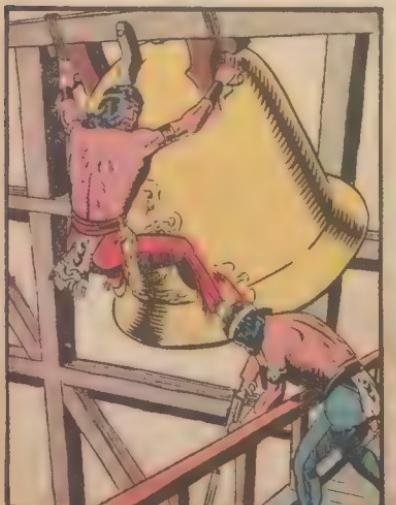
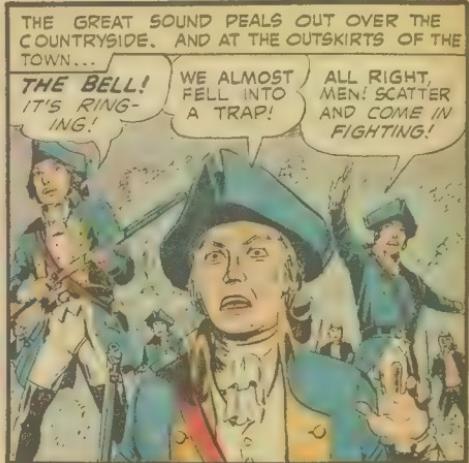


OVER  
MY  
DEAD  
BODY!

SUITS ME,  
REDCOAT!

STOP THEM!  
DON'T LET  
THEM GET TO  
THAT BELL!





HERE THEY COME, DAN—  
THE WHOLE BRITISH  
FORCE. AND I HAVE  
NO MORE BULLETS  
OR POWDER LEFT!  
GOODBYE, DAN...

NOT YET, TIPI!  
HOLD ON—  
THERE'S A  
WAY OUT  
OF THIS...

...AND  
THIS IS  
IT....

YI!!!!  
AND NOW—WE FOLLOW  
THE BELL DOWN! I  
GUESS WE CAN HANDLE  
WHOEVER IS LEFT—  
IF ANYBODY  
IS LEFT AT  
ALL!

I SEE THE  
BRITISH MAJOR...  
HE DUCKED THE  
BELL!

BUT HE  
WON'T  
DUCK  
US!

I THINK I'D  
RATHER BE  
HIT BY THE  
BELL!  
GNNNG!

DAN AND TIPI!  
WELL, IT LOOKS  
LIKE YOU  
GOT THINGS  
PRETTY WELL  
IN ORDER,  
DAN!

RIGHT! I  
WISH I'D  
BEEN  
ABLE TO  
GET MY  
HANDS ON  
SI BANNIS,  
THOUGH.

YOU DID WELL ENOUGH,  
DAN. THIS TAKES CARE  
OF THE BRITISH ADVANCE  
GUARD. WHEN THEIR  
MAN FORCE COMES  
ALONG—WE'LL BE  
READY FOR 'EM! WE'LL  
HANG UP THAT BELL,  
TOO—AND  
SOME DAY

I'LL  
RING FOR  
FREEDOM!

# THE LONG WAIT

HE CAME trudging down the slope of the Sierras, aware of the cutting wind blowing down out of the dwarf pinons and conifers above him. Slung across his left shoulder was a heavy sack reinforced with strips of buffalo hide, bulging with big chunks of rich, crude gold. Despite the fantastic weight of that sack, and the coldness of the winds, Dan Crawford walked with light feet. He had struck it rich, back there under a rock overhang and alongside a stream of flowing mountain water. He had found gold — an emperor's ransom in gold!

*It's the break, at last! he thought exultantly, the warmth of his blood beating through him. Now Ellen can have the doctors she needs, all the best of medical care!*

He had come west with Ellen two years ago, when the doctors in Boston had told him, with wry shakes of their heads, that he had to get her into fresh clean dry air, or see her die. Dan had sold his little store and come west, had built a cabin on the slopes of the Sierras between Nevada and California, and for lack of anything better to do, had taken up searching the mountain rocks and streams for pay-dirt.

"It was the luckiest thing I ever did," he told a bluejay that chattered from a lofty limb high above. "The very luckiest!"

He did not see the three men pause on the rimrock, half a mile above him. He did not see one of them lift a rifle and aim it; hesitate, then lower the rifle, shaking his head.

\* \* \*

Ellen was waiting for him, slim and lovely as he remembered, waving a bit of cloth above her head, shouting in the crisp air. Then she was running swiftly down the shale of the pathway, into his arms.

He hugged her, carefully, dropping the sack.

"How are you, kitten? Better? Any more coughing?"

She looked up at him, and her eyes shone brightly. "Not even the tiniest, Dan! I've never felt so good! Old Doctor Murphy won't have to come up to see me any more. He said so himself!"

"No!"

In the excitement of her good news, Dan forgot the sack bulging at his feet. Then he remembered and swung it up. He laughed, "Take a look inside, Ellen!"

Her eyes rounded with awe. She whispered, "Gold? Is it really — gold?"

"It sure is, ma'am," rasped a voice from the heavy timber behind them. "Good yaller gold. Worth a fortune!"

Dan swung around, one hand groping inside his heavy, sheepskin-lined coat for his big Colt .45. Three men were stepping from the scrub and firs, one of them with a rifle uplifted in his hands. The muzzle of the Winchester was steadyng on Dan's belly. He felt his stomach shrink sickly as his hand fell away from the butt of his gun.

Ellen was close beside him, hand to her mouth. "Dan, Dan — who are they? What do they want?"

The men were closer, now. One of them was clean-shaven, tall, and heavy in the shoulders. The others were thick-set, bearded men, with narrow, cruel eyes. The clean-shaven man took off his hat when he saw Ellen.

"Reckon you have no need to be alarmed, ma'am — if your husband has any sense at all, that is!"

Dan opened his mouth, then suddenly closed it. He said thickly, with the anger burning in him slowly, knowing what the men wanted, and despising them for their sly smiles, and the amusement that shone out of their eyes at his helplessness before them, "I got sense. What do you want?"

The clean-shaven man kicked the bulging sack with a boot-toe.

"This! The gold. That's what we want. And — a map showing where you found it."

Dan laughed coldly. "Take the gold. You're welcome to it. But the map, now — you'll never get that!"

One of the heavy, bearded men stepped forward with a growl, lifting out the big bone-handled hunting knife at his belt. "Let me work on him a little while, Hal," he said "I know some Injun tricks . . ."

The man named Hal thrust the other back. The smile never left his face as he looked down at Ellen, studying her flushed cheeks, the thin body.

"No need to disturb the lady, Bert. Leastwise — not out here in the open! Let's all go inside, up yonder into the cabin!"

Dan led the way, with an arm around Ellen's shoulder. He let Hal shoulder the sack of crude gold nuggets and carry it. Once Ellen turned her face to look up at him, and whisper, "Dan, they think —" but his hand was tight on her shoulder, squeezing her to silence.

A fire roared in the stone hearth where copper cooking utensils were strung on a wire. The meaty odor of simmering stew hung fragrant and appetizing in the cabin. Hal drew the smell of the stuff into his lungs

*please turn page*

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and dropped the heavy sack. He went and stood over the pot, staring down into it, and smiling.

"Reckon there's no need for roughness until after we've eaten," he told everyone. "Light down, Crawford. Set yourself in a chair so Bert can watch you. Ma'am, I'd admire fine to have a platter of that stew in front of me. Not every man has such a pretty cook to be his wife."

Lips tightly compressed, Ellen went about gathering crockery and spoons. The bearded men watched her, and licked their lips. Men who lived by their guns and their wits rarely sat at a home-cooked meal.

Dan watched them carefully, wondering how and when his chance would come; and if it did, whether he could overcome the three of them. *They look like trouble had walked a long time with them, and they know how to handle it*, he found himself thinking. He did not despair until Hal came and tied his arms and legs tightly to a chair.

Then he sat and watched them eat, and knew himself beaten.

Midway in the meal, between the first and second helpings of the stew, the knock sounded on the door. Hal was out of his chair, Colt in hand, before Dan could turn toward the door.

"Answer it!" Hal whispered savagely. "Act ordinary. Give us away and your wife gets the first bullet!"

His knife freed Dan. Dan stood up, rubbing his wrists as they ached with the blood flowing back into them. He nodded, and went to the door.

Sam Jeffers stood in the doorway, grinning amiably. "Jest thought I'd stop by on my way to town, Dan! Mebbe you might like me to bring you some fixin's or bacon or some such?"

Dan smiled, but shook his head. "We have everything, Sam. Ohh, by the way. You might drop by and see Old Doc Murphy. Tell him my wife has been doing poorly lately. Ask him to stop up here next time he's around."

"Why, I — I'll be plumb glad to, Dan. You rest easy, now. I'll see he gets here right quick. Wouldn't want nothing to happen to Mrs. Dan, now would we?"

Dan closed the door, hearing Hal say, "That was handled just fine, Crawford. Natural-like! Mebbe we won't have to use no rough stuff, after all — if you're reasonable."

They tied him up again, but not as tightly as before, and he watched the trio wolf down the remainder of the stew. Then Hal thrust back his chair and jerked a thumb at the sack of gold just inside the door. "Plenty of that yaller stuff back where you found this?"

"Plenty," admitted Dan.

Hal laughed. "Just testin' you, hombre. We cut yore sign two weeks ago. We saw you nosin' around, then lost sight of you for a while. When we cut yore trail again — you had the gold." He drew a deep breath and leaned forward. "You found that gold while we lost sight of you. It could be anywhere back there in the hills. Be better for everybody if you'd scratch its location on this bit of paper."

He pushed a soiled sheet of paper across the bare tabletop. Dan said, "Reckon I'll have to think about it . . ."

Bert growled, "Let me at him, Hal! I know ways to make a wooden Injun talk. . . .!"

Hal gestured the bearded man to silence. He leaned back and smiled, and his smile sent a cold shudder down Dan's back. Hal said, "You want time. Good! We've nothing to do. You have until darkness to make up your mind."

They sat there, silent, all of them. The bearded men took out their knives and toyed with them, looking steadily all the while at Dan. Once Ellen whimpered, and covered her face with her hands. The gathering dusk came swiftly down the mountainside, slipped under the door and through the windows. Outside, a coyote howled twice.

Hal got up and lighted a lamp. He looked at Dan who shrugged and said, "Cut me loose. I'll draw your map."

He took a long time doing it. Outside the coyote howled again, and then again. Dan shoved the paper across the table. Hal picked it up and studied it, frowning. His lips moved once or twice, as if checking his own knowledge against what the map showed. Satisfied, he folded it carefully and put it in his coat. "Let's go, boys," he told the others.

They picked up their packs and followed him to the door. When Hal swung it open, a man with a star on his coat stood there, a heavy Colt in his hand, aimed at Hal's belly. Behind him there were other men, all with guns in their hands.

Dan stood up as the men came in. He nodded to them. He said, "Outlaws are always strangers in any community. These bad hats thought Ellen was my wife — but it happens she's my sister. Everybody 'round here knew that. It tipped Sam off that something was wrong."

"I spied on 'em from back yonder, Dan," announced Sam. "When I saw you tied up, I run like a scared jackrabbit fer the sheriff an' some boys! That was me howlin' like a coyote to tip you off we were here."

Dan held out his hand toward Hal. "The map," he said. When he had it safely in his fingers he went toward the fire and dropped it in. "I'll file claim in the morning. I won't need this — not any more!"

THE END

# The DURANGO KID



IN  
"MULEY  
PUTS ON  
HIS ACT"

A LONG A LONELY ROAD LEADING TO RED ROCK, A LONE TRAVELER BATTLES FOR HIS LIFE AGAINST A PAIR OF DESPERATE BADHATS...



FRED GUARDINEER

...AND LOSES!

AHHHH...  
SO NEAR...YET  
SO FAR--  
AHH...!

THE WINNERS  
ARE JEB  
BARRETT  
AND  
TENNESSEE  
MIKE—  
AND THE  
WINNERS  
TAKE THE  
SPOILS...

YEAH—AIN'T IT A SHAME?  
WAL, LET'S SEE WHUT KIND O'  
DOUGH HE'S PACKIN'! MAKE IT  
FAST, SO WE KIN BURY 'IM  
AN' GIT OUT...



HE AIN'T MUCH ON THUH GREENBACKS,  
TENNESSEE —HEY, WAIT! —HYAR'S  
A TELLY-GRAM...

READ  
WHUT IT  
SAYS, JEB!



WAL, I'LL BE DOGGONED! RIGHT, PARDNER!  
TENNESSEE —I RECKON FROM NOW ON—  
WE DONE GOT  
OURSELVES  
A RANCH!

YOU'RE BART  
SENDER! LET'S GO FIND  
THET. STEVE BRAND!



A FEW HOURS LATER - IN THE TOWN OF RED ROCK...

FELLER OUTSIDE TOLE ME I'D  
FIND YUH IN HERE, STEVE  
BRAND. I'M BART SENDER AN' I  
GOT THIS HYAR TELLY-GRAM  
FROM YUH... MEET MUH PARDNER,  
TENNESSEE.

GLAD TO MEET YOU, BOYS.  
SORRY ABOUT YOUR FATHER,  
BART—HE WAS A CLOSE  
FRIEND OF MINE. LETS  
RIDE OUT TO THE  
RANCH...



LATER... ...AND THAT'S HOW THE OLD MAN DIED, BART. AND ER- HE NEVER DID GET OVER THE FACT THAT BOTH HIS SONS LEFT HIM OVER TWENTY YEARS AGO. GULP! BOTH HIS SONS?



OF COURSE—YOU AND  
YOUR BROTHER JOE! I  
WROTE JOE, TOO, AND I  
RECKON HE OUGHT TO  
BE ALONG ONE OF  
THESE DAYS.

ER-AH-YES-O COURSE. GOLLY,  
IT'LL SHORE BE SWELL TUH SEE  
JOE AGAIN—  
HARUMPH!



LATER.  
AT STEVE  
AND  
MULEY'S  
CABIN...

I TELL YOU, MULEY, I  
JUST CAN'T GET  
OVER THE FEELING  
THAT BART SENDER'S  
A PHONY! I COULD  
SWEAR HE DIDN'T  
EVEN KNOW ABOUT HAVING  
A BROTHER JOE!



SOMEBODY'S HOWDY BOYS! GOT A  
AT THE TELEGRAPH MESSAGE  
DOOR... FER YUH, STEVE, THOUGHT  
COME I'D DROP IT OFF ON MUH  
WAY HOME.

BLAZES!  
JOE SENDER  
IS DEAD!

DAW-GONE! NOW  
HOW WE GONNA FIND  
OUT EF THET OTHER  
HOMBRE'S A FAKE  
ER NOT?

THERE HAS TO  
BE A WAY, HMMMM'  
ABOUT THET 'HAMMM'  
I THINK I HAVE  
IT...  
I JEST DON'T  
LIKE!



## TELEGRAM

TO STEVE BRAND  
HAVE TRACED YOUR  
PARTY STOP JOE  
SENDER DIED TWO YEARS  
AGO IN SIOUX CITY  
HOSPITAL OF PNEUMONIA  
CHIEF MARSHAL  
SIOUX CITY



MULEY—YOU ARE GOING TO BE JOE SENDER!

WHU—  
WHUT? WHO—  
ME?

YES—  
YOU!

I AIN'T GONNA DO IT—I JEST AIN'T GONNA DO IT! I AIN'T GONNA HEY, WHUT AM I SUPPOSED TUH DO, ANYWAY?

I'VE GOT NO TIME NOW. FIRST I'VE GOT TO PAY A VISIT TO THE SADDLE-MAKER'S—

AS THE DURANGO KID!

A SHORT TIME LATER—AT THE SADDLE-MAKER'S...

FER YOU,  
DURANGO—SHORE I  
KIN DO IT! I'LL MAKE  
YUH A BELT JEST LIKE  
THAT THERE DESIGN  
AN' I'LL HAVE IT  
READY FER YUH  
TOMORROW MORNIN'!

NEXT DAY—  
AT THE  
SENDER RANCH...

GOLLY, WHAT WE  
GOIN' TUH DO WHEN  
THET OTHER BROTHER  
SHOWS UP?

STOP WORRYIN', JEB.  
THEM BROTHERS AIN'T  
SEEN EACH OTHER FER  
TWENTY YEARS.

ALL YUH GOTTA DO IS KEEP  
QUIET. LET BROTHER JOE  
DO ALL THUH TALKIN'. SEE—  
AN' YOU AGREE WITH  
EVERYTHING HE SAYS!

YEAH—MEBBE THAT'L  
WORK. WE'LL FIND  
A WAY TUH GIT RID  
O'HIM LATER.



HOWDY, GENTS! I'M JOE SENDER! WHICH ONE O' YUH IS MUH BROTHER BART?

THET'S ME, BROTHER JOE! YUH SHORE HAVE CHANGED A LOT! I'D NEVER KNOW YUH—HEH—HEH!

YUH SHORE CHANGED, TOO, BART! YEP, TWENTY YEARS IS A LONG TIME!



AH, THUH GOOD OLE DAYS ! REMEMBER WHEN POP TOOK US BOTH TUH KANSAS CITY AN' WE GOT LOST ? REMEMBER ?

HAW-HAW-HAW ! I'LL NEVER FERGIT THET ! WHY I REMEMBER HIT JEST AS SHORE AS IF IT HAPPENED YES-TERDAY-HAW-HAW!

STEVE WUZ RIGHT ! JEST MADE UP THET KANSAS CITY BALONEY- THIS HOMBRE'S A FAKE ! RECKON NOW'S THIS TIME TUH GO AHEAD WITH THUH REST O'THUM PLAN !

AN' REMEMBER WHEN POP GAVE US EACH IDENTICAL BELTS - JEST LIKE THIS ONE - AN' TOLD US ALWAYS TUH WEAR THEM ! I NEVER TOOK MINE OFF, BART- WHAR'S YOURS ? :GULP! :WHY-ER-AH...



I'M NEVER WITHOUT MUH BELT, EITHER, JOE OLE BOY ! JEST SO HAPPENS I GOT IT AT THE SADDLE-MAKER'S RIGHT NOW - HAVIN' IT MADE BIGGER. A FELLER'S WAISTLINE GITS BIGGER, YUH KNOW - HEH-HEH-HEH !



DURANGO SHORE WUZ RIGHT - EVERYTHIN'S WORKIN' ACCORDIN' TUH PLAN. HYAR GOES THUH SIGNAL...



THERE'S MULEY'S SIGNAL. I WAS RIGHT - THAT HOMBRE'S A PHONY !



AND THERE HE GOES ! ...LET'S GO, RAIDER - DOESN'T TAKE MUCH EFFORT TO GUESS WHERE HE'S GOING !

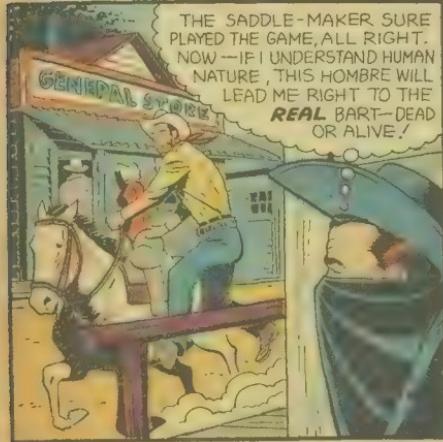


A SHORT TIME LATER - AT THE SADDLE-MAKER'S IN TOWN...

SORRY, MISTER - I JEST TARNATION!  
CAINT DO IT! I'D LIKE TUH MAKE YUH A BELT AN' BUCKLE LIKE THET, BUT THAR JEST AINT NO SILVER! AINT NOBODY GOT SILVER - THUH GOVERNMENTS CLAMPED DOWN ON THUH STUFF!



THE SADDLE-MAKER SURE PLAYED THE GAME, ALL RIGHT. NOW - IF I UNDERSTAND HUMAN NATURE, THIS HOMBRE WILL LEAD ME RIGHT TO THE REAL BART - DEAD OR ALIVE!



SO FAR, DURANGO SURE IS CALLING EVERY PLAY...

SHUCKS - I DON'T HAVE TUH BOTHER 'BOUT GITTIN' THET BELT MADE! I KNOW WHAR THUH REAL BELT MUST BE - ON BART SENDER'S BODY! I JEST RIDE OUT TUH WHAR WE KILLED HIM AN' GIT THET BELT!



BUT HERE'S ONE PLAY HE DIDN'T RECKON ON...!



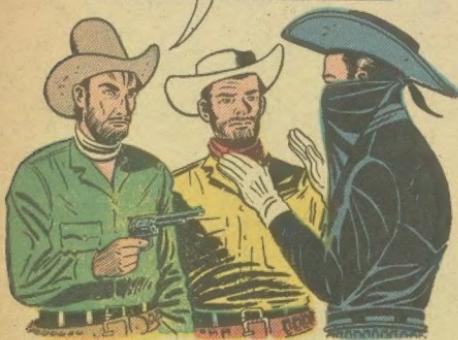
WHILE THIS HOMBRE'S SHAVIN', RECKON I'LL GO THROUGH HIS THINGS - MIGHT COME UP WITH SOMETHIN' WE KIN USE IN THIS ACT WE'RE PUTTIN' ON...

HEY - WHUT'S THIS? A TELLY-GRAM FROM THUH SIOUX CITY CHIEF MARSHAL, TUH DEPUTY MARSHAL STEVE BRAND! HOLY COW - JOE SENDER'S DAID! THIS HOMBRE AINT JOE SENDER - HE'S WORKIN' WITH THUH MARSHAL!





JOE SENDER'S DAID, JEB—THIS DURANGO HOMBRE AN' THET RANNIHAN BACK AT THUH RANCH ARE WORKIN' WITH THUH MARSHAL / THEY ALMOST GOT THUH GOODS ON US! STAND BACK, PARDNER—WHILE I LET SOME AIR INTUH THIS HOMBRE ...



YOU MIGHT, TENNESSEE — IF YOU HAD **BULLETS** IN THAT GUN! HOWEVER MY PARTNER AT THE RANCH TOOK THE PRECAUTION TO EMPTY YOUR GUN EARLY THIS MORNING!

WAL,  
I'LL BE...!



I COULD'A SWORN  
I LOADED THIS  
THING THIS—!



DURANGO  
TAKES  
ADVANTAGE  
OF THE SPLIT  
SECOND IT  
TAKES  
TENNESSEE  
TO INSPECT  
HIS GUN !

AN OLD GAG,  
TENNESSEE —  
AND YOU FELL  
FOR IT! THIS GIVES  
ME JUST THE TIME  
I NEED. YOU SURE  
FELL FOR AN OLD  
ONE, HOMBRE —



AND BOTH OF  
YOU ARE  
GOING TO FALL  
FOR **THIS!**



DURANGO! I GOT WE WUZ  
THUH SHERIFF FEARED  
AN' CAME AS YUH'D FALL  
FAST AS I INTUH A TRAP,  
COULD!

I DID,  
SHERIFF—  
BUT I GOT  
OUT, AS YOU  
CAN SEE!

THE  
DURANGO—  
WOTTA GUY!





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5. Howdy Doody Goes Hunting for Rabbits
6. Howdy Doody in the Side Show
7. Howdy Doody Goes to Mars
8. Howdy Doody Visits Indian Friends

MAIL TODAY ↗



DILLY DALLY

In all, the 8 rolls of 4 color film make up 104 different pictures of Howdy Doody and his friends! Don't wait! Mail the coupon immediately with only \$1. Your set will be sent postpaid. No C.O.D.'s. For Canadian and foreign orders — send \$1.50 money order. Satisfaction guaranteed or return set for full refund.

Josely Company, Dept. ME6

1472 Broadway • New York 36, N.Y.

Folks:

Here's my dollar. Send me the HOWDY DOODY Color Television set with 8 rolls of film. If not completely satisfied, I may return some for full refund.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

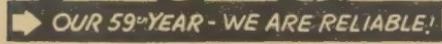
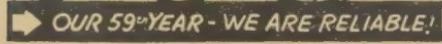
Canadian & Foreign orders, \$1.50 with coupon.

HELLO, BOB - HAVE YOU FOUND  
THAT UNDERSEAS TREASURE?

# GIVEN!

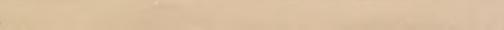
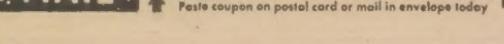
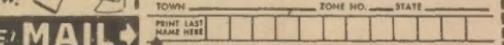
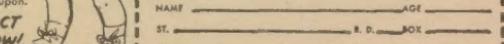
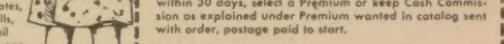
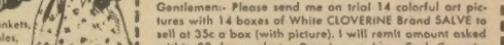
BOYS! GIRLS!  
LADIES!  
MEN!

WE GIVE YOU **GASH!** OR PREMIUMS!



## LOOK! LIVE PONY!

Tessered, a real, live Pony for your very own. Just send for BIG catalog for premium plan. MAIL COUPON TO START.



# CHARMING BIRD HOUSE AND COMPLETE BIRD CARE

## STATION

## PLUS FREE

only  
**\$1.69**

PHONOGRAPH RECORD and GIFTS  
from THE BIRD FRIENDS of AMERICA—  
Unbreakable Vinyl phonograph record  
of 18 authentic reproductions of . . .  
Bird Calls and Songs, Bird Picture Book,  
Bird Food, and Double Throat Bird Call.

Whether you live in country or  
city, you can get new pleasure  
and thrills from this amazing com-  
plete outfit. Besides you will be  
performing a needed service for  
our feathered friends and Amer-  
ican wildlife.

### BIRD FEEDER

### BIRD BOOK



### DOUBLE THROATED BIRD CALLER

Now for the first time ever, you can get this amazing complete outfit. Bird house, bird bath, feeding station, all made of fine rust-proof sheet aluminum embossed and decorated so that the birds will love to use them, plus: • Free bird food • Easy to use bird caller • Bird picture book and • Unbreakable vinylite hi-fidelity record of 18 bird calls and songs — all for the amazing low price of \$1.69.

In a few minutes you can set up your outfit on your own window-sill, porch, or tree. Birds will flock to your feeding station, take baths in your bird bath and sing and chirp to your record or your own bird calls. Soon, too, some birds will make their home in your bird house, lay their eggs and start to raise a family. All you: friends will envy your wonderful new pets, and your ability to imitate their calls. Parents and teacher will be amazed at how children know and learn to do so many new things.

### 10 DAY FREE TRIAL

Just because we know you will love this wonderful bird-care station, we make this offer. Just fill in the coupon below. We will rush your whole outfit by return mail together with the free bird caller, record, bird food, and bird picture book. Set it up and use it for 10 days. If you are not delighted, just return the aluminum house, feeder and bird bath for a refund of the complete purchase price. And keep all the rest as a gift from us. But rush now and be the first in your neighborhood to have this wonderful outfit.

BIRD FRIENDS OF AMERICA, DEPARTMENT # B-271  
35 Wilbur St., Lynbrook, New York

- Rush me my complete Bird House, Care Station, Bird Book, Bird Food, Record and Caller for only \$1.69. If I am not 100% delighted, I may return the outfit after 10 days free trial, for prompt refund of the full purchase price.
- Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.69 upon delivery plus a few cents postage.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_



Bird  
House

BIRD BATH



### YOU GET ALL THIS:

- Sheet aluminum bird house, in natural colors
- Simulated leaf bird bath
- Bird feeding station
- Big food
- Bird call imitator
- Book of 30 bird pictures
- American flag
- Unbreakable vinyl phonograph record with 18 authentic bird calls